MEXICANS DIG TRENCHES ON THEIR BORDER

Photo by American Press Association.

As a military precaution Carranza is having his soldiers dig trenches after the fashion of those in Europe wherever the United States troops face the border. The latter long ago built series of protecting trenches to prepare for any sudden turn in the Mexican situation.

MOVED THE LOGGAN STONE.

Then He Had the Costly Job of Moving It Back Again.

Do you know what happens to the iconoclast who attempts to prove to the world that there is nothing in its pet superstitions? Did you ever hear the story of the British naval lieutenant who demonstrated the fact that there was nothing supernatural about the Loggan stone? Out there at the tip of Land's End, close to where the pirates of Penzance used to hold forth, the huge mass of rock rested on the top of the cliff, so delicately poised that a child could make it rock this way and that. A gust of wind would set it to vibrating, and yet for hundreds of years it had been believed that no earthly force could dislodge it from its position. Then along came the lieutenant, who laughed at all such silly superstition. He would prove to the deluded people of Cornwall that the Loggan stone could be dumped into the sea by the physical prowess of a few sturdy sailors.

Luckily for his position in the navy of his majesty, George IV., the lieutenant succeeded only in hurling the charmed rock a little way down the cliff, where it lodged in a shelving crevice, for such a howl went up, not only from the guides and tavern people who made a living off of the tourists who came to see the quivering bowlder, but from the antiquaries and scientists who believed that the rock had been delicately poised there by the druid priests or that it illustrated a little understood force of nature, that the admiralty sent word to the impious young officer that he would either restore the Loggan stone to its place or forfeit his. A derrick and a month's salary were required to set the stone in its place.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

WARSHIP FIGHTING TOPS.

They Are Now Mainly Used For Sentry and Signaling Work.

Lord Nelson was killed by a musket ball fired from the crosstrees of his French antagonist. Because of this fighting tops came into existence and, being developed to keep pace with other parts of naval construction, continue to be a traditional feature of the world's navies.

A century ago, when fighting men—marines, boarding parties, gun crews—crowded the upper decks of a warship, a sharpshooter posted aloft picked off many a man. But a big battleship in action today shows not a mark to the man in the fighting top.

In the days when it still remained possible for boatloads of armed men to swarm up the sides and board a fighting ship plunging shots were dropped from the fighting top. But with great steel walls overhanging the waves and never an accommodation ladder swung out for their welcome it is impossible for uninvited guests to set foot on the modern deck.

The captain of the fighting top is usually in control of flag, semaphore and heliograph signaling, leaving the wireless to an invisible operator interned somewhere in the ship's vitals. He is the sentry against small inquisitive craft and may enforce his orders by the rattle of a light quick firer.

He has the outlook, reports and questions passing ships and has virtues as a detective against spies. His functions, however, are limited. He is not high enough placed to see the submarine creeping along a score of feet beneath the surface or to note its wake of broken water.

The fighting top is in big cruisers quite a massive affair and no longer the tiny breastwork behind which the picked riflemen of the ancients knelt. A duplicate set of range finders is usually kept there and used to check off the work of the experts in the fire control tower. There are light quick firers and machine guns, possibly also a high angle gun or two for use against air craft.—Pearson's.

Original Home of Welshmen.

Jutland was probably the original home of our Kymric ancestors, as well as (at a later period) of some so called Saxon invaders. It was peopled in classical times by the Cimbri, identified by ethnologists with the Cymry, or modern Welshmen. The Germans magnanimously declined to annex Jutland with Schleswig-Holstein. It was then considered a worthless waste of moors, sand dunes and marshes. But the industrious Danes have transformed what one English traveler styled "a forsaken wilderness" into the most prosperous pastoral countries of western Europe.—Westminster Gazette.

Bee's Double Stomach.

The bee has two distinct stomachs. In the first it stores away the honey it so industriously gathers up from the flowers until such time as it is ready to yield it up, while the other stomach is used simply and solely for digestion purposes. Thus the food and the honey are never mixed. When the bee returns to the hive and is ready to deposit the honey it has gathered it contracts the muscles of the stomach, by which act the honey is ejected through the mouth. As to bee food, it is various in kind, consisting largely of the honey it so patiently makes for others.

No "Poor Land."

"That land of yours was mighty poor when you bought it," a friend of ours remarked to the wide awake owner of a beautiful farm we passed the other day, whereupon the owner delivered himself of a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation—or mighty nearly so. "You're mistaken," he said. "There's not any poor land when you manage it right." It is a true rule that "there is more in the man than there is in the land."—Progressive Farmer.

Superstitions of Royalty.

Caesar, Napoleon Bismarck and others were not above the superstition of "lucky" and "unlucky" days. Thursday was the "unlucky" day of Henry VIII., of his son Edward and of his daughters, Mary and Elizabeth. It is strange that they should have died upon this day.

As Regards Vanity.

"All is vanity. At least so says the philosopher."

"I don't know about that," chimed in the Plunkville sage, "but there is enough of it to keep the drug stores doing a good business in complexion contraptions."—Exchange.

Couldn't Fool Him.

Lecturer (in small town)—Of course you all know what the inside of a corpuscle is like. Chairman of Meeting (interrupting)—Most of us do, but ye better explain it for the benefit of them that has never been inside one.—Puck.

Get Familiar With Them.

Professor Fugue—What do you mean, Mr. Jones, by speaking of Dick Wagner, Ludie Beethoven, Charlie Gounod and Fred Handel? Jones—Well, you told me to get familiar with the great composers.—Musical America.

Just Change.

Mrs. Bacon—Does your husband carry any life insurance? Mrs. Egbert—Well, I never happened to run against any when I've been going through his pockets at night.—Yonkers Statesman.

Woman.

A woman may be a fool—a sleepy fool, an agitated fool, a too awfully noxious fool—and she may even be simply stupid. But she is never dense. She's never made of wood through and through, as some men are. There is in woman, always somewhere, a spring. Whatever men don't know about women (and it may be a lot or it may be very little), men and even fathers do know that much. And that is why so many men are afraid of them.—Conrad.

What Nothing Is.

If any man thinks that he can conceive well enough how there should be nothing, I will engage that what he means by nothing is as much something as anything that he ever thought of in his life, and I believe that if he knew what nothing was it would be intuitively evident to him that it could not be. Absolute nothing is the aggregate of all the contradictions in the world.—Jonathan Edwards.

From General to Particular.

"Has Miss Gilbrid lost any of her curiosity for man?"

"None at all. She has merely transferred it from the sex to the individual."

"What do you mean?"

"She is going to be married."—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Origin of the French Tricolor.

The origin of the French tricolor is usually explained as it is by Carlyle: "Women, too, are sewing cockades—not now of green, which being d'Artois color the Hotel de Ville has had to interfere in it, but of red and blue, our old Paris colors. These, once based on a ground of constitutional white, are the famed tricolor—which (if prophecy err not) will go round the world." Another explanation, however, is that the tricolor combines the blue hood of St. Martin, which was borne on the standard of the ancient kings, the oriflamme (originally the banner of the abbey of St. Denis) and the white flag of the Bourbons. Others make it the shield of the Orleans family.

Grim Consolation.

During the peninsula campaign a general officer of the French army was severely wounded in the leg, the surgeons deciding on examination that amputation was necessary.

The officer, seeing his valet shedding tears, asked: "Why do you weep, Germain? It is a fortunate thing for thee. You will have only one boot to clean in future."

HER NEW TAILOR MADE.

Severely plain as it is smart, this good looking fall suit has for fabric a smoke gray broadcloth. The full skirt is slightly longer than summer models, and the back of the coat is strapped to match the bell cuffs. A black velvet collar is in harmony with the velvet sailor trimmed with white ribbon square flutes.

ABOUT SUIT COATS.

It would seem that coats to suits will be longer and that the voluminous cape collar will hold its own. There will be quantities of material in the makeup of both skirt and coat. Smocking and buckles that closely resemble the fastener on leather straps, developed in steel, will be an interesting finish to belts of various widths, but most especially the narrow type. All kinds of skins will be employed, and when worked they will resemble the more exclusive and expensive types. All sorts of combinations will be seen, faille, velvet and mousseline, trimmed, of course, with fur. Pale fabrics will also be considered very good, especially for the beginning of the season.

THE LADY ON THE LINKS.

Enjoying a Game of Golf With the Wife of Your Friend.

She—Would you mind teeing up my ball? Thank you. Perhaps a little higher. John says I ought to have my tees lower, but somehow I never dare try. Shall I go? (She drives and goes about twenty feet.) How dreadful!

He (cheerfully)—That's nothing! One never expects to play for the first three holes. (He drives and goes about twenty-two feet.) You see!

She—Never mind. What club would you use here?

He—The grass is pretty long. I think under the conditions I should use an iron.

She (calmly taking out her brassie)—Yes, I suppose I should, but one can always go so much farther with a brassie. (She tops the ball, which goes about ten feet.) How dreadful!

He—Never mind. (Savagely driving his ball with his iron out of the grass nearly a hundred yards.)

She—Wonderful! John says you play such a consistent game.

He—The last time I played with John it cost me $10.

She—What? You don't play for money, do you? John says—

He—Oh, never! I broke four clubs. (At the end of the eighteenth hole her score is 168. He has a bad 110.)

She—It was awfully good of you to put up with me.

He—Good! The pleasure is mine. After all, it isn't your score that counts. It's the exercise.

She—Thank you so much. (Later to John.) He told me I played some simply wonderful shots and said I was developing a great game. There!

He—Of course you are, dear. (Later to him.) Say, old man, how do you like lying to another man's wife—instead of your own?—Life.

QUEER HUMAN NATURE.

How the Significance of Words May Change With the Years.

How the same word may have a different significance for the same man at different stages of his life is given in the following from the New York Post, as adapted and expanded from the French in the Paris Figaro:

Life.—At twenty: Days that are coming. At fifty: Days that are going.

The Heart.—At twenty: An organ whose frequent palpitations are due to strong emotion. At fifty: An organ whose frequent palpitations are due to indigestion.

The Truth.—At twenty: Something to be flaunted in the face of the whole world. At fifty: Something it is not always politic to tell.

Poetry.—At twenty: Something you read with eagerness and enthusiasm. At fifty: Something to quote.

Time.—At twenty: You imagine you never have enough of it. Therefore are always in a hurry. At fifty: You know you never have enough of it. Therefore never hurry.

A Muffler.—At twenty: A protection for one's dress shirt. At fifty: A protection for what is under one's dress shirt.

The Hair.—At twenty: You shake it back off your forehead. At fifty: Comb it carefully down across your forehead.

Key.—At twenty: A contrivance used to open things with. At fifty: A contrivance used to shut things with.

Wouldn't Need It.

Ethel was going to a party at a neighbor's house where she had already caught tantalizing glimpses of unlimited quantities of cake, fruit and ices. At the last mother inconsiderately held her back for final instructions.

"Now, remember, darling, to say 'Yes, please,' and 'No, thank you.'"

"Oh, yes, mother," Ethel said. "I shall always say 'Yes, please,' but I don't think I shall have to say 'No, thank you.'"—New York Times.

A Puzzler.

"If you want to improve your mind," said the sage, "associate only with persons who know more than you do."

"But if they follow the same rule," said one of those who were learning wisdom at his feet, "what are we to do?"—Chicago Tribune.

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WINONA BERKSHIRES—If you want the most pork per lb. of feed, get a Winona Berkshire for your next herd boar. Spring pigs averaged 100 lbs. each at four months. F. R. Steel, Winona Ranch, Rural Route No. 1. 830tf

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Aim High.

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